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CAMPBELL PRESS

VOL. 33, NO. 42 CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA TUES., JUNE 24, 1930

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Current Comment

The entrance into the state senatorial race of R. V. Garrod was viewed with mild surprise by the occupants of the camp of "Herb" Jones, incumbent. No feeling of alarm has disturbed the followers of Senator Jones, but a few words regarding the folly of making a change at this time are not amiss.

To say that Mr. Garrod's effort to displace Herbert Jones is ill-advised would be but to touch lightly a subject fraught with potential dangers to the security now enjoyed in the state senate by Santa Clara county in the person of Mr. Jones. For 17 years he has represented us in that body, and who is there to say that he has not served us well? Senator Jones might well be termed the "head man" of the upper house. Visitors to the legislature are impressed with the respect accorded him, and are sometimes told that other senators ask his advise before submitting a bill to the members of the senate. Several things contribute to the indisputable fact that Mr. Jones is consulted on new bills—his vast eperience and straight-thinking are surpassed only by his remarkable knowledge of California law.

The more thought one gives to Herbert Jones's record, the more apparently stupid it becomes to even consider a change. Mr. Garrod is at present connected with the State Farmers Union where, it is said, he is doing a valuable work. The advisable thing for Garrod to do, then, is to resign himself to the not unenviable position of being useful and valuable in his present position and leave the county's future in the senate in the capable hands of Herbert Jones.

Of equal importance to Santa Clara county is the continued presence of T. M. Wright in the lower house. Mr. Wright occupies in that organization a position similar to that held by Mr. Jones in the Senate. "T. M." is up for re-election this year, and opposing him we find one Frank Lannin. We are unacquainted with the latter gentleman, but may we point, in passing, to the commendable record possessed by Mr. Wright? He is one of the necessities of Santa Clara county in the hall of laws, and we entertain little doubt of his ability to successfully carry his own banner through the coming campaign.

It is up to solid citizens throughout the valley to see to it that Jones and Wright are returned to their respective seats another term—indeed, for as many more terms as they prove of so great value to the majority of the people.

That's all.

HOWARD PROSPER KNAPPEN

The head-rules of the Press this week are turned in respect to Howard Prosper Knappen, 59, a native of Wisconsin, who passed away at the Interurban sanitarium Sunday afternoon as the result of heart failure due to an aggrevated case of arterioscerosis. Mr. Knappen had been quite infirm for several years, but was able to get about daily and had not been under a doctor's care for some months.

"H. P.," as he was familiarly known by the newspaper fraternity of Minnesota and North Dakota, began his newspaper career as a boy, learning to stick type in the old days before machines were in use. He advanced in the game by his own good work, and became one of the leading newspaper men of both states. The writer new him as a friend and fellow-worker, and in his chosen field he possessed a brilliant mind and versatile pen. He could write the finest eulogy on a friend or a most scathing denunciation of political crooks. He was one of a family of newspaper men and women, some of whom are still in the field.

He was an entertaining reader and always had a fund of jokes and anecdotes to relate, and was a prominent and popular figure at all press association gatherings.

Having been compelled to give up active labor he came to California a year and a half ago to be near his children who had established themselves in this state.

Mr. Knappen is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Olive McMahan of Los Angeles, two sons, James F. and Richard H. Knappen of Campbell, and two sisters, Mrs. Charles Lindquist of Fergus Falls, Minn., and Miss Mabel Knappen of Minneapolis, Minn. His wife, Maybell Louise Knappen, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Fawcett, passed away some years ago and was laid to rest in the Los Gatos cemetery.

Private services were held Monday afternoon from the funeral parlors of Hocking & Williams in San Jose, conducted by the Rev. J. H. Bennett, and the remains taken to the crematory at Mt. Olivet.

HUMANE POSTER CONTEST TO BE AIDED BY J. LEMOS

Expansion on a world wide basis of the annual humane poster contest of the Latham Foundation held in California this spring and participated in by many Santa Clara county school students, is being planned in co-operation with educators throughout the country, it was announced today by Charles B. Hall, field representative of the organization in this county.

The international poster contest, which will give ambitious art pupils of many nationalities an opportunity to "do their bit" for the furtherance of the cause of humane educaion, will reach into all of the important countries of the world, said Hall.

Many of the examples of this year's humane poster contest are now on display in the art galleries of Stanford university and probably will be shown later in San Jose.

It is also planned by the Latham Foundaion, whose humane educational program is to be inaugurated in the public schools of Santa Clara county this fall, to award scholarships to outstanding pupils scoring high in their poster drawing.

These scholarships, according to Hall, probably will be to art schools not only in America but in foreign nations.

"The poster contest division of the Latham Foundation," said Hall, "is only one of the institution's activities looking toward a more wide-spread interest in kindness on a universal basis and a greater stimulation of the friendly interests between man and beast."

John T. Lemos, director of the Stanford university art galleries, is aiding the Latham Foundation in the formulation of the international contest plans.

Even Uncle Sam Can't Please Everybody — *By Albert T. Reid*

"This country has gone completely to the dogs. Our rights are curtailed and our sacred privileges are taken from us. We are in the hands of fanatical bigots. It is a terrible country, sir. – terrible!"
REPORTS
BEST LIVING CONDITIONS
SMALLEST DEBT
BURDEN
"This is a lousy country! Everything is given over to the privileged class. Capital is in control of everything. The poor man is down trodden and oppressed. We should be like Soviet Russia – free, free, free!"
MOST LUXURIES
MOST PROGRESS
DEVELOPMENTS
RAW MATERIALS
GREATEST EMPLOYMENT
"Uncle, this is the best dog-gone country in this cock-eyed world. We ought to be down on our knees about a third of our time thanking Heaven for smiling on us this way. I'm sure glad to be alive."
"HOWZAT?-SHAKE! SAY THAT AGAIN-REAL SLOWLY."
Albert T. Reid
AUTOCASTER

$60,000 PREMIUMS OFFERED, STOCKTON FAIR AUG. 18

Stockton, June 24—With more than $60,000 in cash premiums and trophies and special prizes in every division offered, the San Joaquin county fair, to be staged here Aug. 18 to 24, promises to be one of the most successful ever held in this section of California, directors of the fair declared today, following the completion of prize lists. Agricultural and horticultural awards have been raised and all the communities in the county are expected to be entered.

Stakes in horse racing events, held each afternoon of the fair on the half-mile and mile tracks, which bear the reputation of being the fastest in the state, will total $20,000. Entries for the stake races, which closed June 20, are exceptionally heavy, with many horsemen from Arizona and Colorado, as well as California, competing. Frank Lieginger, veteran starter and racing secretary for the fair, has announced. Class race entries will remain open until July 15

Spirited hunters, harness horses and roadsters, entered by internationally known owners and breeders, will vie for $20,000 in purses in an exhibition held every night in the fair horse show, which is a major event of the Pacific Coast circuit. A. P. Fleming, manager of the Portland, Seattle, Oregon fair and Palo Alto horse shows will direct the event.

The balance of the premium money is offered for livestock entries, including cattle, hogs, draft horses, jacks and sheep and poultry entries including cocks, hens, bantams, ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons and rabbits.

The usual trophies and awards will also be made in a dog show, household arts and sciences and junior fair events.

Philip Farley Places Second In County Spelling Contest

Philip Farley, low freshman in the local high school and son of Mr. and rMs. G. E. Farley, won second place in a county-wide high and junior high school spelling match the Monday before school closed.

Preliminary contests were held in the various schools of the county and the winners appeared before the county superintendent of schools, who conducted the match. A young lady from Fremont bested Farley.

IMPOSING ARRAY OF OFFICE SEEKERS ON 1930 BALLOT LIST

The 26th of August will be an interesting day for the voters of Santa Clara county—and of even more interest to those candidates who seek office in county, district and township. State officers are too numerous to list here, but following are the names of those who have filed for local offices.

The race for sheriff will be spirited with George Lyle, William Emig, Harry Schuman and James Kidward on the list.

Coroner and public administrator seems to be the uncontested field of Amos Williams, incumbent.

Several candidates are in the running for county recording. They are May Flannery, incumbent, Hall S. Schraeder, Charles Payne and Claude Stark.

Joe McKinnon, incumbent, will defend his laurels against Howard Buffington of Willow Glen, who hopes to displace him.

Filed for tax collector is Thomas Bodley; treasurer, E. W. Conant; surveyor, Robert Chandler; superintendent of schools, Joseph Hancock; auditor, Arthur Langford; clerk, Henry Pfister; assessor, C. Y. Pitman; distric attorney, Fred Thomas.

The senate seat will be sought by Herbert Jones and R. V. Garrod while T. M. Wright and Frank Lanin will vie for the assembly.

In the township Judge Blaine is assured another term by the lack of an oponent, while the office of constable is expected to cause a spirited political battle between Frank Coupland and Geo. Barnes.

W. C. T. U. WOULD BAN CIGARETTE ADS FROM RADIO

At the last regular meeting of the Campbell W. C. T. U. the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, that the W. C. T. U. of Campbell unite with the effort being made in San Jose to do away with the advertising of cigarettes in our papers and over our radio programs.

Anderson-Barngrover Defeats Campbell 6-5

The Anderson-Barngrover team pulled itself together with an effort and won by a point from Campbell in the ninth inning of an exciting game played Sunday.

Clark was pitcher for Campbell and he held the A. B.'s down until the last inning, when they made four runs which ran the score 6-5 in their favor.

FUNERAL FOR MRS. MARY EDDLEMON FRIDAY AFT'NOON

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon for Mrs. Mary Bell Eddlemon from the chapel of Hocking & Williams in San Jose.

Mrs. Eddlemon had been ailing for several years and had for some time been confined to her bed where death overtook her early Wednesday morning, June 18. She was 66 years old and a native of Kansas but had spent 25 years of her life in this country. The many wreaths and bouquets of all kinds of flowers told of many friends who came to pay their last respects to one they loved.

Mrs. Eddlemon is survived by two sons, Louis E. and Fred E. Eddlemon, and four grandchildren, Gayno, Warren, Henry and Shirley Eddlemon.

Interment was made in the Madrone cemetery at Saratoga.

RAYMOND DE SELLE MAKES HOLE-IN-ONE AT RINCONADA

Raymond DeSelle has the distinction of belonging to the "Hole-in-One club," having made his successful shot last week Tuesday on the La Rinconada golf course. The shot was to the 11th hole, a distance of 120 yards, a par three hole.

The scores of the group playing at the time were:

	out	in	total
Raymond DeSelle	49	38	87
George Blaine	43	43	86
George Shank	41	36	77
Paul DeSelle		44	
B. LeFevre, asst. pro.		47	

There are a number of prizes and perquisites accruing to one who makes this unusual stroke, in addition to the honor, and Raymond is receiving congratulations from his friends in attaining this coveted goal so early in his golfing career.

Guild Thrift Sale To Be Featured July 11 And 12 By Guild

The annual "thrift sale" of the Congregational church Guild will be held Friday and Saturday, July 11 and 12, at the Campbell hotel.

All sorts of household goods and clothing will be on sale, and some articles of good value may be had for a very reasonable price.

Persons having articles for the sale may send them direct to the hotel or to Mrs. W. I. Merrill or phone Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Mary Lanphear or Miss Sadie Maxson and they will call for the htings.

MISS MARY ROSS WHITMAN RETIRES, GUEST OF BROTHER

Arriving in Campbell Saturday, Miss Mary Ross Whitman is visiting at the home of her brother, C. H. Whitman, and Mrs. Whitman, having but a short time ago terminated a teaching career which covered a period of 25 years. The esteem in which she was heldby the people of De Kalb, Ill., where she held the chair of foreign languages in the state teachers college, is reflected in the following article clipped from the De Kalb Daily Chronicle:

DOES GREAT WORK

Coming as a good deal of a surprise to many people is the announcement of the retirement of Miss Mary Ross Whitman from her position as head of the foreign language department of the State Teachers college. Miss Whitman is retiring as professor emeritus of foreign language after 25 years of service in the teachers college. Incidentally, Miss Whitman is the first to retire with this honor from and teachers college faculty in this state.

Miss Whitman graduated from Ann Arbor in 1903, coming here in 1905 from eBaver, Pa., where she taught in the Beaver college. Miss Whitman has virtually developed the foreign language department of the local college. The department was originally that of ancient and modern languages, the study of English grammar being included in this department. Through a gradual evolution of the curriculum, the department was changed until today it deals solely with foreign languages. The study of Greek was discontinued shortly after Miss Whitman's arrival at De Kalb and then of course, in 1918, the study of German was discontinued, French being emphasized in its stead.

TRAVELED EXTENSIVELY

For the past 25 years Miss Whitman has been serving in this department and always she has been keeping herself abreast of the times in her work by frequent tours of Europe and the countries with which her work dealt. For many years these trips to Europe were almost annual affairs with Miss Whitman and, as she made the trips she gathered a fund of knowledge and information which made her background a very rich one. Often too, she took parties abroad with her and numerous De-Kalb people have been included in these trips.

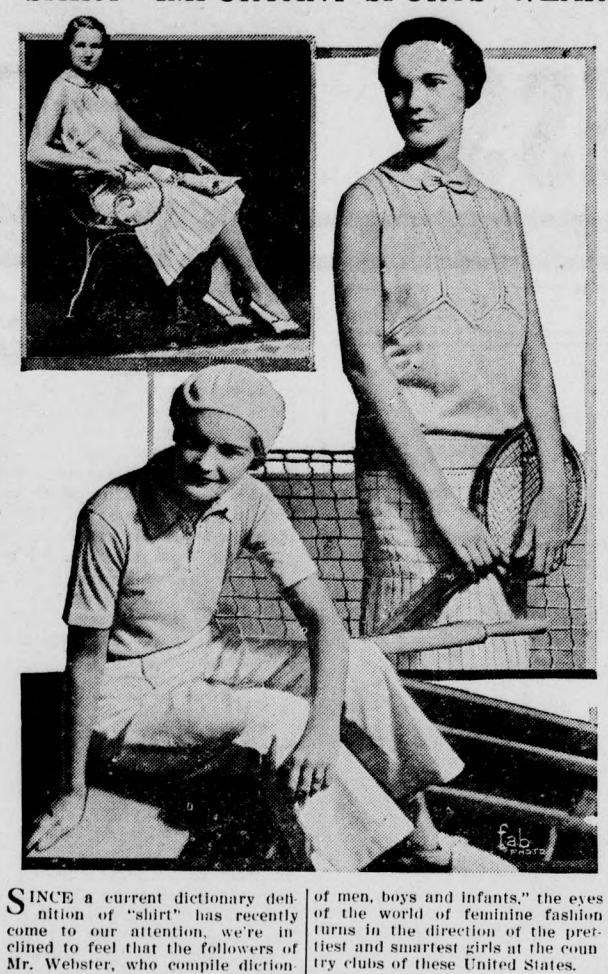
Not only in the educational circles of De Kalk has Miss Whitman played an important part but in the social life of the community as well. She has been identified with numerous clubs, among them the Woman's club the Homemakers' the League of Women Voters and the Monday Evening Collegiate club.

A PLEASING SPEAKER

Perhaps her finest contacts with the people of the community outside of the college have been established in the numerous addresses which Miss Whitman has made before so many groups gathered in De Kalb. With the wealth of information which is hers, expressed in a manner that paints, as nearly as is possible in an oral expression, the beauty or the vividness of that of which she speaks, Miss Whitman is as pleasing and entertaining a speaker as one may hear. Always ready to address a group of any kind or nature, Miss Whitman has brought to innumerable audiences the pictures that she has been able to see in her journeys abroad.

Miss Whitman has made no definite plans for the future. This summer she will spend with her brother, Chauncey H. Whitman, at Campbell, Calif. Her time she will spend in relaxation and pleasant study and travel. Although her plans are tentative only, Miss Whitman has in mind further travel in Europe and in her own words she has a desire to "sit again on the terrace at Sorrento, Italy and gaze at the Bay of Naples." Whatever she does or wherever she goes, Miss Whitman will have the farewells of an appreciative college and community ringing in her ears.

"SHIRT" IMPORTANT SPORTS' WEAR



SINCE a current dictionary definition of "shirt" has recently come to our attention, we're inclined to feel that the followers of Mr. Webster, who compile dictionaries, are not as fashion-conscious as they might be.

The definition given apparently without even a mischievous smile was: "A loose undergarment for the upper portion of the body, now commonly worn by men, boys or infants."

Now, as everybody who's even half fashion-wise knows, a shirt is a highly important modern outer garment for smart, fastidious and sport loving women. What, indeed, would we do without our active sports shirts; our smart durene cotton ones, cool and porous; our woolly ones for cold weather; our pink ones, our blue ones, and those of green and yellow?

The modern tale of a shirt is full of activity. As the illustration suggests this practical garment is to be found on the backs of women who are up and doing the world's play on the golf links, on the tennis courts, on the fastest speed boats and the most sea-going fishing smacks. Feminine shirts are the personification of action, and while they no doubt are still worn on the "upper portion of the bodies of men, boys and infants," the eyes of the world of feminine fashion turns in the direction of the prettiest and smartest girls at the country clubs of these United States.

The shirts illustrated adequately pictures a day in the life of a smart coed who starts out early on a gay morning for a fishing expedition off the coast of somewhere north, south, east or west—let us say—and who comes back to join in a set of tennis before luncheon and afterward stretches out for an hour with a book before her afternoon swim.

You, with the quick fashion eye, will not take long to note the details of these shirts with their vionnet stitching, their ready-for-action casualness. You will note, too, the pleated tennis shorts made exactly like the pleated skirt for after lunch. And I think you'll all start robbing your brothers, husbands and fathers of long white duck trousers once you've laid your eyes on the fishing and boating outfit. These short-sleeved, awfully well tailored but equally simple durene shirts were so important at Palm Beach this spring that they are destined—as are berets—for succeeding successes at Newport and Southampton this summer.

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A Choice Morsel for the Gossips

The Weekly Short Story—By AMY DUNN

"SAY, I wouldn't wonder but you could do some business with those Miss Grays," announced Mr. Tittle, regarding Tom Kenyon with critical approval. "Want to get 'em interested in buying some lots out Biddletown way as an investment. They've got plenty of money, but they've never seen me, and I sent young Smithers out to see them and he couldn't get by the front door. Awful snobs they are. But I shouldn't wonder but they'd see you."

Tom Kenyon had worked in one of the banks there in Bradhurst for eight years, and now at thirty he had arranged to work for Mr. Tittle, the leading realtor in the town, taking with him his savings to give himself the dignified title of "partner." Now Tom was what people in Bradhurst called a nice young man. He had gone to college, and his clothes were always carefully pressed, his shoes were polished and his ties were quiet and subdued. He would have made a desirable "extra man" in any small town society, but Tom was shy, and when the young ladies of Bradhurst hinted that they would like to have him call, he never took the hint.

"I'd rather not call on the Miss Grays," Tom told Mr. Tittle. "I have met them, for one thing, and it would be taking an advantage of a social introduction." But Mr Tittle would take no excuses and at three that afternoon Tom was making his unwilling way to the fine old mansion where Miss Nora Gray and her niece Vera lived.

Apparently the perfectly uniformed maid who opened Miss Gray's front door was well impressed, for she took his card on her silver tray with solemn respect and asked him to be seated while she carried it to Miss Gray. Soon she came back and led him to a large and charming room in the back of the house where the Miss Grays were sitting, about to take afternoon tea.

The elder Miss Gray greeted him with polite cordiality, and Miss Vera smiled very prettily and was well bred enough not to seem to be at all surprised to see him there.

"The country is charming now," said Miss Gray, and Tom said, "I was out Biddletown way the other day. The views are charming there—" He had intended to take a leap from this point in the direction of the lots he had to sell. If he could only manage to find a transition to some part of his regular sales speech it would then be easy going.

"It's quite a pity they have been spoiling the section with those cheap building lots," said Miss Nora.

Tom felt that this was not the psychological moment to lead on to his sales talk. He lingered hoping to have courage to resume, but the courage did not come. Meantime conversation about things in general went along pleasantly enough and when he bowed his way out a little while later Miss Nora asked him to come again and Miss Vera clasped his hand and said, "Please do. We have so few congenial callers."

Tom reported defeat and Mr. Tittle said, "Try again." So Tom did go again, and again missed the chance to talk about Biddletown lots. Then the ladies asked him to dine with them, and then it seemed to Tom that it would be a breach of hospitality to speak of real estate.

"You ought to be able to sell them ten or fifteen lots now," said Mr. Tittle.

All Bradhurst soon began to talk. Mr. Tittle told Tom that his wife's friends had heard that he had asked Vera Gray to marry him.

It happened that that very evening Tom was dining for the sixth time that month with the Gray ladies. He had decided, however, that this would be the last time. He had come under false pretenses, and, of course, he would never be ill bred enough to have mentioned Biddletown lots. However, he did not intend to continue as the victim of Vera's charms when quite obviously she was only playing with him for lack of other men.

Tom felt that some sort of apology was due the ladies, and yet he would not tell them what had led him to make his first calls. Never had he suffered from more acute shyness than he did that evening when he set about telling them that while he appreciated their hospitality he would be a less frequent caller in the future. He didn't know just how he was going to say it, but he bravely began.

"There is something I must tell you."

Whereupon Aunt Nora Gray rose from her seat in the living room and started to leave. "I'd better leave you two to talk things over alone," she smiled.

Fairly dumb with confusion Tom looked at Vera and Vera sat there blushing and looking as confused as he felt.

"Do you know what I am going to say?" he asked, and Vera stammered prettily that she guessed. And then Tom became suddenly bold and went and stood beside the charming girl who pressed her blushing cheeks to the sleeve of his coat. And that was about all there was to it. When Aunt Nora returned to the room he and Vera seemed to be engaged and then indeed the gossips of Bradhurst did have something to talk about. But neither Miss Gray nor her niece—now Mrs. Tom Kenyon — ever bought any lots in Biddletown.

(Copyright.)

Ice Formation

Anchor ice is ice formed on the bottom of rivers and streams, adhering to stones, rocks or other debris. It occurs where the current is too swift for surface ice to form.

TAFFETA WRAP SUMMERY

IN THE fantastic little wraps of silk or of velvet or ever-so-swanky velveteen such as are enlivening the summer mode, novelty seekers are finding all they are looking for—and "then some!"

Judging from appearances the more eccentric the smarter, is the sentiment of the mode in regard to these whimsical little coatees, dolman-like capes and "last but not least" the voguish paletots, the latter reminiscent of frankly old fashioned basques, some having "shoulder capes," some with bell sleeves, all of them amusingly form-fitting.

As said before, if you are to follow fashion's lead, before the summer is over you will be topping your daintiest gowns, your sports frocks likewise, with some one or other of these summertime short wraps which are that absurdly quaint they are truly clever.

As for the charming little taffeta wrap in the picture, it is one of the more conservative types. These cunning little contrivances which are dignified with the name of summer wraps, are adding an entirely new note of chic to present-day costumes. Of black or navy taffeta, they lend themselves to almost any afternoon occasion. Developed in pastel coloring they are lovely for garden party wear and such.

If there is one wrap more than another under discussion in Paris, it is the new gay colored velveteen types. Les Parisiennes are wearing these colorful little velveteen basque-like novelties most everywhere from tennis court to country club porch and dressier garden party affairs.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

Poison in Jasmines

The Department of Agriculture advises us that yellow jasmine contains certain alkaloids which would cause toxicity if taken internally, and caution should consequently be used concerning it. The oleander, however, is deadly poisonous, and should never be kept on lawns or around houses where children may have access to it.—Washington Star.

The Circus Act

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

AS THEY went along in the plane Harry saw a winding procession of stars between the Great and Little Bear constellations.

Harry was having such a wonderful trip with Cosmo up in the sky.

Cosmo knew all about the sky, and he had granted the wish Harry had made one evening, only a very little while before, when he had said that he wished he could see what it was like up in the sky.

Oh, it was wonderful having this trip.

The more he traveled with Cosmo the better he enjoyed himself. He was seeing so much, he was hearing so many legends, he was listening to many fascinating old stories about the creatures he was meeting.

He was wondering now about the winding procession of stars at which he was looking.

"That's called the Dragon," Cosmo announced.

Harry looked at the Dragon with great interest. "By the way, Cosmo," he asked after a moment, "how large is Polaris? I meant to ask him."

"Oh, about the size of your sun," Cosmo said.

The pilot had evidently been directed to travel around the Big Dipper, which was part of the Great Bear, as Cosmo had told Harry.

"The Indians," Cosmo told him, "and the shepherds of the ancient days, too, called the constellation the Great Bear. Did you ever notice her circus act?"

"Circus act? I don't think so. I never saw any circus act up in the sky."

"Well, you look and you'll see. The Great Bear makes a circle around the Pole every twenty-four hours and in the spring she puts her paws in the air and gets upon her back.

"She says people may not think it is very fine for such a high-up object to behave in such a fashion, but she says they must admit it's clever."

"I should say so," Harry agreed. "But that's not all. In the summer, she stands, as it were, on

Changed a Beautiful Girl Into a Bear.

her nose. You couldn't do that, could you?"

"No, and I've never seen any circus performer able to do it."

"That's still not all that she can do. In the winter she balances on her tail. If you draw an outline of a bear around the stars of the Great Bear you will see that she has a very long tail."

"But bears haven't long tails," Harry remarked.

"That's true, but after all she has always felt that there was little use in being a bear in the sky if she couldn't be different from Earth animals."

"I suppose that so."

"Then there is the story of how the Great Bear got up in the sky."

"Tell me that, won't you."

"Indeed I'd like to tell that story. In the old days they said that Jupiter changed a beautiful young girl into a bear. He didn't want Juno, his wife (who didn't like her), to do her any harm.

"Then he was afraid hunters might shoot the bear if he didn't put her out of harm's way—so he put her up in the sky.

"The Little Bear is supposed to be a near relative of the Great Bear.

"But now Orion is expecting you. We must not linger any more."

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

Week's Dessert

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled
Further than comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world.—Kipling

THERE comes a time to all housewives when it is impossible to think of anything for dessert which fits the meal she is preparing. Keep a card index of desserts and pick out one that has not recently been used, for we all like variety, even in desserts. It is not always the things that sound the best which turn out that way. After preparing food for a long time one's judgment should be a good guide after reading a recipe, as to its palatability; however, some times the strangest concoctions turn out well—so don't be afraid to try a new recipe.

A New Apple Cake.—Take one cupful of flour, a bit of salt, three tablespoonfuls of shortening, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one third of a cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of apple sauce, juice of half a lemon, two egg yolks and one cupful of whipped cream. Rub the shortening into the dry ingredients, using butter, as it gives a better flavor, although any sweet shortening will be good. Pat out and line a pie plate. Mix apple sauce, lemon, egg yolks and bake until the crust is brown and filling firm. Cover with whipped cream or the whites of the eggs may be used as a meringue.

Simple Charlotte.—For this use the little nut cups about an inch high and two inches in diameter. Split lady fingers and line the cups letting the cake come up an inch above the tops. Fill the cups with lightly sweetened whipped cream and top with a tiny macaroon or a cherry. One may use any color scheme for this light dessert.

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

SUCH IS LIFE— In Farmer Jones' East Forty

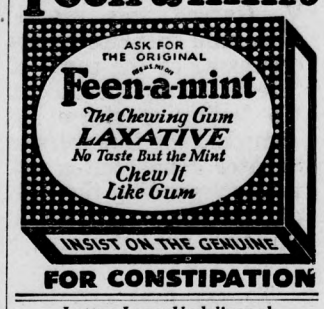
By Charles Sughroe

CADDY, THIS IS THE WORST KEPT GOLF COURSE I EVER PLAYED ON!
THIS AINT NO GOLF COURSE, SIR. YOU BEEN OFF THE COURSE FOR AN HOUR
CHARLES SUGHROE

that sluggish feeling

Put yourself right with nature by chewing Feen-a-mint. Works mildly but effectively in small doses. Modern — safe — scientific. For the family.

Feen-a-mint



FOR CONSTIPATION

Letter Long Undelivered

A letter that had laid crumbling in a mail chute for 42 years was recently recovered in a structure in St. Paul, Minn., which was about to be vacated. The Northern States Envelope company had occupied the premises for a half century, but were compelled to leave on account of the building having been condemned in order to widen the street. As the last of the effects were being taken out the letter was discovered. It had been mailed in February, 1888.

HAVE **Beautiful Skin**

—soft, smooth, clear, "pink and white"—the matchless complexion of youth. Sulphur purifies, clears and refreshes the skin. For beautifying the face and arms use Rehland's Styptic Cotton 25c

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists.

Aid Subnormal Children

Free lunches for pupils in the ungraded classes of Atlanta's public schools are provided by the Junior league, composed of society girls and matrons.

Children in the ungraded classes are subnormal mentally and often physically. The league is doing its part toward correcting the deficiency by providing wholesome lunches daily. The pupils are weighed carefully and given medical attention.

AUGUST FLOWER

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The Bride's Way

"This meat is not cooked, nor is the pie."

Bride—I did it like the cookery book, but as the recipe was for four people and we are only two, I took half of everything and cooked it for half the time it said.

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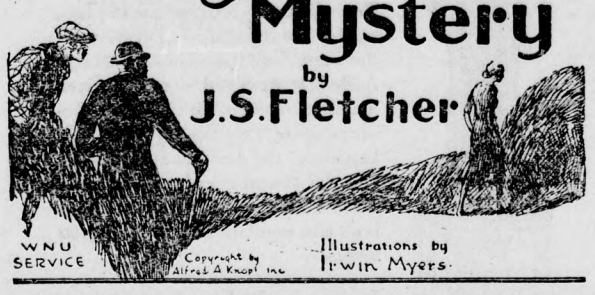
"Although I am only 22 years old, I have four babies to care for. Before my first baby was born my mother urged me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was so terribly weak. I had to lie down four or five times a day. After three bottles I could feel a great improvement. I still take the Vegetable Compound whenever I need it for it gives me strength to be a good mother to my family."—Mrs. *Vern L. Dennings, 510 Johnson Street, Saginaw, Michigan.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J. S. Fletcher



WNU SERVICE

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—11—

"That's it!—Armintrade. He said he'd just seen Armintrade, who was shooting in the neighborhood, and they'd come to an agreement. Mazaroff had given Armintrade an option—for a hundred and seventy-five thousand. He believed Armintrade would take it up. But if he didn't, then, Mazaroff said, Lady Locke should have the pair at the price first named—a hundred and sixty thousand."

"That corroborates Armintrade," remarked Maythorne in an aside to Crole and myself. "Well," he went on, turning again to his caller, "I'm much obliged to you for calling."

"That's all right," replied Mallison artlessly. "Thought I'd just drop in you know—always glad to be of help."

He went away presently, and the three of us looked at each other. Crole spoke first.

"As you said just now, Maythorne, that corroborates Armintrade," he remarked. "And I'm beginning to think this is a simple case of murder for the sake of robbery."

"That's no new theory," observed Maythorne. "It's the original one—but it may have all manner of variations. Well, now—Eccleshare and Parslave! That's the next—"

The door opened just then—a girl clerk appeared.

"Sergeant Manners and Detective Sergeant Corkerdale to see you, sir," she announced.

"Show them in!" said Maythorne. He turned wonderingly on us as the girl withdrew. "Manners!" he exclaimed. "Here in London? What's that mean? Something fresh! Well, Manners?" he continued, as the sergeant and another man, both in plain clothes, came into the room, staring curiously at their surroundings, "what brings you here? Take a seat!—you know those gentlemen."

Manners grinned at Crole and myself. He jerked a thumb at his companion, a quiet-looking, observant man.

"Detective Sergeant Corkerdale, of the Yard gentlemen," he said. "Well, Mr. Maythorne, I'm here on business you can guess at. The fact is, I learned something yesterday, and I hurried up to town by orders, and I've been to New Scotland Yard, and told all we knew. They've put Corkerdale here on to help me. Two or three things happened our way yesterday. All the folks—Elphinstones—left Marrasdale tower for London, sudden. Then the High Cap lodge party broke up and came here, too—same train. Later in the morning that old chap Cowie, that lives in a cottage close by Reiver's den, came to me and said that he'd something to tell—something, he said, that he'd kept to himself until the gentlemen had gone away from Mr. Courthope's. Then, when I'd assured him that no harm would come to him, he went on to tell me that on the night of Mazaroff's murder, some little time after hearing a shot fired near his cottage, he went out, and from behind his garden hedge, saw two men, close by. One, he said, was the big fat gentleman from High Cap lodge, the other was Parslave. And, says Cowie, he saw 'em go away together, talking, sort of whispering, in the direction of Courthope's. Now, as we know Parslave's never been seen since—in our parts. Where is he?"

"Is that what you've come to see Doctor Eccleshare about, Manners?" asked Maythorne.

"That's it, sir!—me and Detective Sergeant Corkerdale here are going to see Doctor Eccleshare and hear what he's got to say," answered Manners. "If Parslave was with him that night, then I want to know why—and I want to know where Parslave is now!"

"Then I'll save you some trouble, Manners," said Maythorne. "Parslave is where he's probably been ever since the night of the murder—or, rather, since the day after. He's in Doctor Eccleshare's house, at Paddington!"

The two policemen looked at each other. But that was only for a second; each turned sharply on Maythorne. The man from New Scotland Yard spoke.

"That looks like some sort of collusion between him and this doctor," he said. "They'll have to be seen."

"We were just going to see them when you came," remarked Maythorne. "You'd better come with us. Come along!—we'll go see him, and hear the latest."

We all five filed out and squeezed ourselves into a taxicab; Maythorne bade its driver to set us down at the corner of Chapel street. Arrived there, he turned a little way down Edgware road, looked at his watch, and beckoning the rest of us to follow, entered the saloon bar of a pretentious looking tavern. There, in a quiet corner, a tankard of ale and a plate of bread-and-cheese before him sat the queer clerk, Cottingley, quietly munching, and reading a newspaper.

We grouped ourselves round Cottingley. Maythorne, instead of plunging straight into business, invited us all to take a drink, and said nothing until each of us had a glass in his hand. Then he turned on the clerk.

"Well?" he said.

Cottingley leaned closer, over the little table at which he sat.

"Eccleshare," he answered in a low voice, "came home, from Euston, about six-thirty last night. Three suitcases and a gunease, Parslave came out and helped to carry them in. At seven o'clock Eccleshare came out alone. He went to Riggiori's, round the corner here in Chapel street. He dined there. He left there just after eight, and went home. About nine o'clock Parslave came out. He went to a public house, higher up the street, and had a pint of ale there. Then he went back. Neither of 'em showed again last night; neither of 'em left the house this morning. But about nine o'clock a van came there and left six trunks—the sort of trunks people use that are going long-distance traveling; those strong, zinc-lined affairs. They were carried in by the men who came with the van. That's all."

"Plenty!" observed Maythorne. He glanced significantly at the man from New Scotland Yard. "Eccleshare is going to clear out!" he said. "What do you think, Corkerdale?"

"What I think," Corkerdale answered, "is that the sooner we get to business the better."

"The simplest thing to do," said Maythorne, "is to walk in there, say that Parslave's been seen to enter, and have it out with the two of them. Come on!—we'll go there and walk straight in."

We left Cottingley and, led by Maythorne and Manners, went off to the quiet side street. Maythorne knocked; the door was opened almost instantly by a tall, elderly woman in cap and apron.

"Doctor Eccleshare at home?" demanded Maythorne. "Just so—thank you, we'll come in."

He and Manners were over the threshold before the woman could say anything; the rest of us crowding closely behind, and, looking over their shoulders, found ourselves gazing on a big, roomy hall, set in the center of the ground floor. And there, before us, and now turning on this incursion with wondering and surprised faces, were our two men. The trunks of which Cottingley had spoken were open on the hall floor, Parslave, in his shirt sleeves, was engaged in packing things into them, under Eccleshare's superintendence. Clearly, as Maythorne had suggested, Eccleshare was contemplating a departure.

He turned on us sharply as we crowded in, and the look that he gave us was one of nothing but surprise—there was no annoyance, no sign of self-consciousness; it was easy to see that all that was in his mind was just wonder at our presence.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's this? You, Manners?—and a whole company behind you? What's arisen?—some new development?"

Manners, without hesitation, pointed to Parslave, who, on his knees beside a trunk, had turned to stare at him, open-mouthed.

"Doctor Eccleshare!" he said. "What's that man doing in your house?"

Eccleshare, in his turn, stared—first at Parslave, then at Manners. "Parslave?" he said. "Why shouldn't he be in my house? He's in my employ—my man!"

"Your man—your servant?" asked Manners. "Since—when?"

"Since I engaged him at Marrasdale," retorted Eccleshare. He looked from one to the other of us. "I don't know what concern it is of anybody's, Manners," he went on. "But since you seem extraordinarily inquisitive, I may as well tell you that I've sold this practice and I'm going to South America—on other pursuits. I wanted a strong, capable man—preferably a countryman, used to outdoor life—to go with me, and I engaged Parslave. That's why he's here."

Manners drew a long breath and shook his head.

"You know that we've had a bill out for Parslave this last two or three days, Doctor Eccleshare," he said. "Posted all about the district! Why didn't you tell us where Parslave was?"

"Pardon me, my man, I know nothing whatever about any bill," replied Eccleshare. "I was never near Marrasdale nor Birnside nor Gilchester the last few days I was in your parts. I neither saw your bill nor heard of it."

Manners became official in aspect and tone. He jerked his head toward Corkerdale.

"Oh, very well, doctor!" he said. "This is Detective Sergeant Corkerdale, from New Scotland Yard. I've been there this morning and laid before the authorities certain facts concerning you and Parslave, and if we don't get some satisfactory explanation from you, I shall just have to ask you to come with us and explain things elsewhere."

Eccleshare's big face flushed a little, but he made an obvious attempt to keep his temper.

"That sounds very threatening, Manners," he answered. "What explanation do you want?"

Manners hesitated. "I'm no lawyer!" he exclaimed. "No hand at putting things—as they ought to be put. Mr. Crole there is a lawyer. Perhaps—"

He glanced appealingly at Crole, and Crole turned to Eccleshare with a smile.

"The situation is this, Doctor Eccleshare," he said. "You know as well as we do that Mr. Mazaroff was murdered at or near Reiver's den on the third night after his arrival at the Woodcock. He was also robbed of all his valuables, and of important papers. About the same time this man Parslave—no implication on you, Parslave, mind, in what I say!—disappears, mysteriously. Parslave is now discovered in your house, here in London. You've given an explanation of that. But—there's more, and it is this, I think, that Sergeant Manners is particularly referring to. After you and Mr. Armintrade and your host, Mr. Courthope, left Marrasdale yesterday morning, information was given to Manners to the effect that you and Parslave were seen near Reiver's den on the night of the murder, just after the informant had heard the shot fired which was, no doubt, the immediate cause of Mazaroff's death. Now, my dear sir, I think you should explain—anything that you can explain."

"Before I give any explanation," said Eccleshare, after a pause, "I should like to know who it was that

"Hullo!" He Exclaimed, "What's This?"

saw Parslave and myself near Reiver's den on the night of the murder."

"Well—it was Cowie," said Manners. "The old man who lives in the cottage near Reivers' den. He saw you—both."

Eccleshare nodded. He was looking from one to the other of us and for a moment or two he remained silent, evidently thinking.

"Look here!" he said, suddenly. "Am I—or is Parslave—or are the two of us suspected of the murder of Mazaroff?"

No one answered. Manners moved uneasily in his chair; the man from New Scotland Yard preserved a granite-like countenance; Maythorne showed what seemed to be indifference; Crole and myself looked on. There was a brief silence—broken by Manners.

"I should like to know what Parslave there has to say about his movements that night!" he said. "A rare lot of trouble he's given us!"

"I'm quite sure that Parslave hasn't the slightest notion that he gave you any trouble," remarked Eccleshare. "You forget, I think, that Parslave can't read—so he hasn't learned anything from the newspapers. But—Parslave, tell Sergeant Manners what you did that evening you left Marrasdale."

Parslave, thus bidden, screwed up his face to the feat of remembrance.

"Cloughthwaite fair day that was!" he said. "I'd been there. Come away from there end o' the afternoon. Then I went home, and according to orders—doctor's orders, there—changed clothes 'cause why? I was to go to London that night. Got my supper then, and after that walked along to the Woodcock. I went in there and had a pint—the strange gentleman as was stopping there, he come into the room where there was a reg'lar crowd of us, drovers and shepherds and such like. He stood treat all round—drinks and smokes. Gen'rous he was. Then he went away. I stopped a bit longer, then I went off. To meet the doctor there—by arrangement. I met him. That's all as I did that night—before leaving."

"Did you ever mention to anybody that you were going to London?" asked Maythorne.

"No, master, I never did," replied Parslave. "Hadn't no cause to. I'm a lone man—neither kith nor kin, nobody to leave. Paid up, I did, where I lodged—and just went off."

"Where did you meet Doctor Eccleshare?" asked Manners.

"Where it had been arranged," replied Parslave, promptly. "Near Reiver's den. He was to be there and give me orders and my traveling money. And there he was!"

"Just so!" Eccleshare said. "There I was!—and I think I'd better tell you, as things are, precisely what happened. Possibly, I ought to have told all this before. But I had reasons—for silence."

I felt that at last there was going to be some revelations as to the murder of Mazaroff which, up to then, had never been made. And I began to feel a curiously sickening sense of apprehension, not unconnected with the events of the previous evening. Eccleshare knew something!—so, too, probably, did Parslave. But—what?

"I say, I had reasons for keeping silence," continued Eccleshare, settling down to talk to us. "I had!—strong enough for me. Perhaps I've been wrong—perhaps in these cases—murder!—nobody should keep silent under any circumstances. And yet—you'll see, as then, that I had reasons, and weighty ones. Now I'll tell you—as it seems absolutely necessary—precisely what happened to Parslave and myself on the night on which Mazaroff met his death. Let me begin at the beginning. Before I went up north, to Marrasdale, I'd decided to sell my practice—had sold it, in fact—and to leave England for South America and a quite different life—prospecting, shooting, hunting, and that sort of thing. I wanted to take with me a man who'd be useful to me—preferably a countryman; a gamekeeper, used to outdoor life, was the sort of man I had in mind. At Marrasdale I came across Parslave—as you can see for yourselves, he's just the wiry, muscular sort of chap that was wanted. He is, as he's said just now, a lone man—nothing to tie him to England. He's thoroughly up in woodcraft and that sort of thing; in short, he was the very man I was looking for. I broached the matter to him, and we very soon came to terms. There were certain things that he could do for me here in London, so I arranged that he should come up in advance of me and stay at my house until my return. We arranged further that on the night after Cloughthwaite fair, which he had to attend on business, he was to meet me, and I was then to give him money and some final instructions and he was to leave for Newcastle and London."

"Why by Newcastle?" asked Maythorne. "It's a detail, but why not by Black Gill Junction and Carlisle?—the more usual western route?"

"I'll tell you," answered Eccleshare. "Parslave has some interest in a bit of cottage property in Newcastle; as he was leaving England he wanted to see a solicitor in Newcastle who manages that property and to give him some instructions about it. So we arranged that, after seeing me, he was to cross the moor to that little branch line that runs east of Marrasdale, catch the last train to Newcastle, stay the night there, see his solicitor in the morning, and then go on to King's Cross. All of which, he will tell you himself, he did."

"Very well—and—your meeting that night?" asked Maythorne.

"I'm coming to that, now," continued Eccleshare. "I had told Parslave to meet me on the path between High Cap lodge and the Woodcock about eight o'clock. I strolled out to meet him, as soon as dinner was over at Courthope's. That would be about ten minutes to eight. We met a little to the further side—the side nearest the Woodcock—of Reiver's den. As far as I can recollect, it would then be just after eight o'clock. We stood a few minutes, talking. Then—"

"A moment, if you please," interrupted Maythorne. He produced a memorandum book, and laying it open on the table before him, drew Eccleshare's attention to a rough diagram penciled on one of the pages. "Here's a sketch that I made the day of my arrival at the Woodcock," he said. "A sketch of the paths across the moor. Now there are two paths that lead from the direction of High Cap lodge and go towards the Woodcock. One leads directly across the front of Reiver's den, at the very foot of the rocks—we'll call that the higher one. The other is some fifteen or twenty yards lower down—amongst the heather; we'll call that the lower one. Which path were you and Parslave on?"

Eccleshare bent over the diagram for a moment, twisting it round so as to get a clear idea of its geography. He put his finger on a spot.

"We were about there," he said. "On the lower one. But—I don't know if you've made it quite plain—those two paths (one, the lower one's a mere sheep track) almost meet on the west side, the High Cap lodge side of Reiver's den near Cowie's cottage. They're only separated there by a yard or two. Then the lower one goes away through the heather to the top side of High Cap lodge; the other one passes High Cap lodge on the lower side at fifty or sixty yards distance and breaks into the moorland road to Cloughthwaite."

"Well," said Maythorne. "Anyway—you and Parslave were on the lower one?"

"We were on the lower one—perhaps a hundred yards from Reiver's den. And," continued Eccleshare, "as I was saying, we stood there a few minutes talking. It was then quite dark, but a clear, starlit night. We were just moving away, in the High Cap lodge direction, when we heard a shot fired. It seemed, as far as we could make out, to be in Reiver's den or just beyond it—I think it must have been in Reiver's den, because there was a distinct echo from the rocks. We heard nothing follow—no cry, scream, anything of that sort. Neither of us took any particular notice—I think we each had the same idea; that it was a gamekeeper who was after something. In fact, we heeded it so little that we went on talking about our own business for a minute or two after the shot was fired. Then because it was time for Parslave to be getting on to catch his train we moved—coming over to the other path because it leads directly to the moorland road. We had just got on it when we heard steps coming along from the direction of Reiver's den. There were some high, thick bushes close by, and—I really don't know why we did it, but we did!—we sort of instinctively moved into their shadow, where it was quite dark. And then, a minute later, walking very swiftly a woman passed us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Edited and Managed by
RICHARD H. KNAPPEN

Entered as second class matter Sept. 30, 1904 at the Postoffice at Campbell, Calif., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879

Subscription, one year in advance, $1.50

Advertising rates ..... On application

MEMBER OF CALIFORNIA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

A FEW FACTS ABOUT OURSELVES

This is a great country.

Uh-huh. We've heard that before. What about it?

Just this about it. Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, than whom there are few keener analysts in the world, has been figuring out how much better off we are than the rest of the world.

The United States has only six per cent of the world's population, but we consume 15 per cent of the world's wheat crop. That means that, if the rest of the world were able to buy and eat as much food as we do, the wheat crop would have to be two-and-one-half times as large as it is.

We consume nearly a quarter of all the world's sugar, more than half of the world's coffee, more than a quarter of the world's cotton, one-sixth of all the wool, three-quarters, nearly, of all the silk, two-thirds of all the rubber, about two-fifths of all the iron and copper, lead, zinc and coal. We use three-fifths of the world's petroleum, two-fifths of all electrical power, more than three-quarters of all the automobiles and three-fifths of all telephones.

And we number less than one-sixteenth of the world's population!

If the rest of the world was as well off as we are how prosperous we and all the rest would be. Our average family income is $3,000 a year. The British income is two-thirds of that, Canada's less than half, Sweden's still lower, Germany's only a little over one-third as large and France's about the same—personal income of the average man, that is. That's why we can, and do, consume more of the world's raw materials than any other nation.

We have set an example to the rest of the world, which it is slowly beginning to follow, in spots. The farther and more rapidly it extends, the sooner and more surely will we reach the stage of human development in which people no longer die of starvation, in which every human being will have his happiness in his own hands.

There are those who say that in seeking material prosperity humanity is losing its spiritual ideals. It does not seem that way to us. It is one thing to forego riches for the sake of the higher life; it is quite another thing to have no choice in the matter. Poverty in itself is not a virtue. It was a wise man who said that it was useless to preach idealism to a man who didn't know where his next day's dinner was coming from. And that is the condition of more than half of the people of the world today, while a still larger proportion live under conditions which make more than a bare living possible.

This is a great country!

* * * *

"KNOCKING" THE GOVERNMENT

The world is full of people who try to blame their own unsuccess, unhappiness or incompetence upon somebody else. Everybody knows somebody like that. They are the same sort of people who are always "agin the government." The market for crops is good or bad because the government at Washington is Republican or Democratic. Business is slow because the president did this or didn't do that. Let a few banks fail and immediately some of the chronic kickers rush to the front with the explanation that the federal reserve system is a failure.

Fair criticism of the government is entirely proper and within the rights of every citizen. The tendency to hold the government responsible for everything unpleasant without ever giving it credit when conditions are satisfactory is, however, just another manifestation of the childish impulse to shift the blame from one's own shoulders to that of somebody else.

The very people who make the most fuss about the government's "failure" when things are not going to please them, would be the first to protest if the federal government should undertake to actually run the business of the nation. The last thing that the vast majority of Americans want is a paternal government. We as a people firmly believe in the dictum, attributed to Thomas Jefferson, that, that government is best which governs the least. It is probably true that most of the loose criticism of the government is merely a form of "letting off steam." It doesn't hurt the government any and it relieves the emotional strain of the person doing the criticising.

This year everybody is going to hear a great deal of criticism and defense of the government. We are electing all the members of the next congress, one-third of the senators, and governors and other high officials of more than half of the states. Candidates and their friends are going to tell us how different things would be if they were in instead of the ones who are in, or how foolish it would be to put the other fellows in when they have made such good records. All that signifies, for the greater part, is the desire of the "ins" to stay in and of the "outs" to get in.

The only persons who will be fooled are the simple-minded ones who really think that the government can change economic conditions over night and at will. All any government at Washington can do, all it ought to try to do, is to remove any obstacles that exist to the free flow of business and industry, to the right of every American citizen to work out his own individual salvation, economically or otherwise, in his own way, so long as he does not infringe upon the right of any other citizen to do the same thing.

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A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—We read in history that the plow is considered the most useful invention. Wonder if that was not written before the can opener was invented?

* * *

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Professor Einstein, after ten years of laboratory work, offers a five page manuscript supplementing his relativity theory. We know men who can think up some wonderful theories in just a few minutes on their way home at four a. m.

* * *

What a worid. You wonder how a man so worthless got a wife like that, and why a man so able picked a wife like that.

* * *

ANOTHER OF DOAKES McBATHWATER'S SENTIMENTAL POEMS THAT WILL SOME DAY PLACE HIM IN THE HALL OF FAME.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strands,
You now can buy fried weinies
At a million hot dog stands.

* * *

When asked by a social worker if he believed in the transmigration of souls, Al Covey replied that no, he liked them fried in the usual way.

* * *

TED GAIL SAYS THAT THE REASON BAKERS BAKE THEIR BREAD AT NIGHT IS SO THEY CAN HAVE A GOOD LOAF IN THE MORNING.

* * *

Ralph Hyde says he knows a family who named the baby "Weatherstrip" because he kept his father out of the draft.

* * *

Customer—Did I say four pounds of steak? Goodness, I must be losing my mind."

Al Bulmore—Lady, we sell brains.

* * *

Sir, I want to speak to you about your daughter."

"Thank Heaven, I thought you were selling life insurance."

* * *

WE DON'T SELL LIFE INSURANCE, BUT WE DO SELL GOODYEAR TIRES. SERVICE WITH A SMILE . . . . .

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS — PH. 111
Campbell, California

Local Happenings

Geraldine Joyce, eight-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Anderson was christened Sunday in the New Temple Methodist church in San Francisco. She is the first child to be christened in the church.

—c—

John Duncan and Guy Shepher returned last week from a month's motor trip to Michigan, Illinois and Canada. Mr. Shepherd's niece, Marion Shepherd, made the return trip with them from Chicago.

—c—

Mrs. Percy Dunlap and son, Robert, left today to spend a week at Capitola with friends.

—c—

J. L. Farum left early htis week for a bit of fishing with his son-in-law, Bud Morgan, at the mouth of the Salinas river. They returned with practically no fish.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Laney left Saturday for a motor trip on the Piedmont highway.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. James Kelley of the Redwood Estates were visiting in Campbell Friday.

—c—

Tuesday at noon the local fire department got out on record time to extinguish a fire on Railroad avenue. Several sheds were burned but nothing of great value was destroyed.

—c—

Harvey Clendenning and Mrs. W. D. Horning of San Francisco were visiting at the W. C. Bohnett home last week.

—c—

The women's auxiliary of the Orchard City Grange held an all-day meeting with Mrs. S. N. Hedegard last Thursday.

—c—

Mrs. J. Bachman and family spent a few days last week at Martin's Beach.

—c—

Mrs. Lucy Smith of Pacific Grove was visitng with Mrs. Anna Sawyer last Tuesday.

—c—

Miss A. E. Denton left last week for a motor trip into Yellowstone National park.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Well of Los Angeles are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vaughn for a few days.

—c—

Miss Winnie Grizzel left the first part of last week for a vacation in Washington and parts of Canada.

—c—

E. W. Ohlen will leave soon for a trip to Yellowstone National park and other points of interest.

—c—

Mrs. E. W. Ohlen was a visitor in Redwood City last Tuesday.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Sexauer and Mrs. C. Alif and Robert Manning, all of Los Angeles, were week-end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Birnbaum.

—c—

J. P. Vawter of Los Angeles stopped last week for a brief visit with Mrs. Emma Dalvit, Mrs. Laura Allen and Anne Schulte, enroute to Oregon.

The California and J. C. Ainsley canneries are expected to start operation the week of July 6.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pardee will leave soon for a two weeks' vacation at Crater Lake.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Van Arsdell and children of Pacific Grove were visiting with Mrs. Ethel Davis last week.

NEW SHOES
FROM
OLD ONES
Come in and let us tell you what this means.
We do not cobble shoes, we rebuild them.
We use the famous Goodyear Welt System.

THE CAMPBELL SHOE HOSPITAL
Opposite Bank

PLAY SAFE
WITH YOUR SAVINGS

Savings banks like the American Trust Company are regulated by law, subject to the strict supervision of the State Superintendent of Banks. Added strength and security is given member banks of the Federal Reserve system by the national law known as the Federal Reserve Act and the sound regulations of the Federal Reserve Board. These rigid laws and regulations apply only to banks.

Savings banks like the American Trust Company are required by law to have substantial capital, paid up in cash. The amount is regulated in proportion to deposits and population. Savings banks like the American Trust Company also have large surplus, contingent and reserve funds for the protection of depositors.

Savings are safe in the bank. There is no substitute. One of our 95 neighborhood offices is convenient to you.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY
Since 1854

Savings deposits made on or before July 10th will earn interest from July 1st. This also applies to new accounts.

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Announcing our affiliation with
Mr. Geo. Jepsen
representing the L. H. BENNETT Co., distributors for the new
GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Campbell Lumber Co.
Phone 113

Farms deserve
Good Telephone Service

GOOD telephone service is the kind of service that enables you to talk with *anyone, anywhere.*

It means that you can talk without *delays* or *interruptions.*

It means that you don't have to *raise your voice.*

Good telephone service on the farm calls for one or two conveniently-placed *telephones,* one in the house, the other in the barn or elsewhere.

It *pays* to have real telephone convenience!

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

VOTE FOR
Hall S. Schrader
For
County Recorder

An Efficient Business Man makes a good County Official

Primary, August 26, 1930

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

"After they come we gotta be out there, setting around in our corner. The bunch there now is regulars that come early to get good tables. They know each other. It's when the singles begin to wash in, or two or three men comes together, that we get busy."

"How do we get busy?"

"My Gawd!" Miss Morris exchanged a deeply eloquent glance with Maizie, who was smiling a sharp-toothed ophidian smile. The instructress continued her explanatin in depressed tones. "We're dancers, and we're Jake's hostesses too. See?"

"Our job," Stella added, "is to keep the men from dying of homesickness after they get here."

Queenie ignored Stella.

"When a man's setting alone at a table, or two or three men are together, lookin' like it was Decoration day and they're sayin' it with flowers, I drift up and give 'em the glad eye. Nothin' fresh, you understand. Just a kind look to let them know there's a live wire near. If they speak, I draw on my hot-air tank and find out who they are: and later I introduce them to some of the girls, if they see any they wanta meet. If they don't respond I breeze past like I hadn't seen 'em, and try some others. None of the other girls goes near till I find out who the men are and introduce them. If you seen your own brother at a table you couldn't go to him till I said you could. That's all there is to it, but it's gotta be done with class."

To the novice there seemed a great deal to it.

"If they respond, I suppose we dance with them?" she asked, anxious to get a more definite line on her individual duties than Ivy had given her.

"Ain't she the clever kid?" Maizie murmured. "Got it the very first time."

"Dance with them if they want you to," the instructress coldly explained. "If they want you to set down and give 'em the story of yur life, let 'em have it. Only make it snappy. No sob stuff. Maizie tells 'em she's a Russian princess, and it goes over great. If they wanta talk while you listen, let 'em do it."

"They'll tell you how lonesome they are," Stella contributed. "Lonesome!" she sneered. "They don't open my faucets with that dope. The men that comes here is as lonesome as angleworms in a box of bait!"

Stella, Eve learned, was a pessmist and a black one. She was also a man-hater and freely confessed that she had no use for women. Her speech and Queenie's, were usually better than those of the other girls; but on occasion they could, and often did, draw on the argot of the gutter. All this Eve grasped later. At present the lesson of the moment went on.

"There's two things you don't stand for," Queenie was saying in a crisper tone. "You don't take insults and you don't drink from pocket flasks. Jake's rule. See? Men that come here has got to treat us like ladies."

To Eve the whole experience was part of the dream she was in, but the nightmare in the dream was lessening. She was intensely interested, and she realized that she was also a trifle more sophisticated than the girls around thought her. She had never danced in cabarets; she was sure of that. She knew nothing of their inner workings, or of the duties of employees. But she must have known such places as at least an occasional visitor, for the superficial aspects of this one held no surprises for her.

"What you're really here for, Berson, is to admire the men," Stella drawled. "Make 'em see what great big wonderful guys you think they are, and you'll be a wow."

"Now, Berson, if you think you have had enough gasoline to roll out on the floor with, we'll start; and I'll put you wise to the regulars and the loose-ankle boys."

"Which are the loose-ankle boys?"

"The regulars are the guys that come every night and scatter their coin. The loose-ankle boys are the instructors—the lads Jake hires to dance with the dames that blow in for a good time. That's all they gotta do; but Gawd knows it's enough. Any woman that's got a real face can make some man bring her to a cabaret and dance with her. The ones that come alone and has to rely on the boys are the ones God forgot.

"Don't pay any attention to the loose-ankle lads. They'll come buzzing around, for they need a change bad, and they'll want to give you the once-over because you're green. But Jake ain't paying us nickels to dance with them."

All the girls were intrigued by the new-comer's presence and they showed it in various ways—some by talking, the rest by close attention to what was said.

Eve followed her with a sinking heart. What had she let herself in for? But the two yoong men they approached were wholesome-looking American lads who had just given an order to a waiter, and who for the present were most interested in having it filled than in the scene around them. Queenie cast a radiant smile at them, and one of the young men returned it with a cheerful but impersonal grin. She slowed her steps a little distance from the table, checking Eve's swifter movement by a warning pressure of the arm.

"Look at them sitting there waiting for bread and milk, with good music going to waste," she tentatively observed ,in a tone obviously designed to reach the ears of the new-comers. The latter looked up, this time with attention. The girls were under suspicion now, to be taken or rejected. To Eve the moment was horrible.

"Give us time, girlie, give us time," urged the young man with the grin. "We're hungry, and we've got a pair of rabbits coming. But if we're able to move after the stuff you folks serve here, I'll take you out to the center of the floor later on and make a May-pole of you."

His friend had been watching Eve.

"That goes for me, too," he quietly told her.

"It's a date," Queenie agreed, and tactfully started to move on. But the quiet young man spoke again.

"Won't you ladies join us and have some of the rabbit?"

The young man of the grin frowned.

"We only ordered two ,and I could eat them both," he plaintively observed.

"We'll order two more."

As he spoke, the quiet young man drew out a chair for Eve. Miss Morris secured the remaining empty chair for herself and sat down with a sigh of achievement.

"You ain't got the nice manners of your boy-friend, Willie," she told the grinning youth. "But if you stick around with him, perhaps you'll improve. Got a cigarette?"

The grinning youth had, and offered his case. Miss Morris helped herself and passed it to Eve, who hesitated an instant and then took a cigarette and lighted it at the match the quiet young man held for her.

"My name is Hunt," he told her.

"Hers is Miss Berson. She's new to this work. I'm Queenie Morris." Miss Morris made the announcement with an air that impelled the grinning youth to get up and bow deeply ,and Queenie accepted the burlesque homage with a care-free grin equal to his own. She had lit a cigarette without his assistance, and, having established it firmly between her carmined lips, was doing the honors with easy affability.

"Don't mention your name," she advised the grinning youth. "My heart's going to tell me what it is pretty soon."

"You bet it will," said the grinning youth, in high good humor. "I'm one of the sheiks you read about. One long look into my eyes, girlie, and you're done for."

"Let's see if I am," Miss Morris suggested with sudden interest, and she made the experiment forthwith. Hunt turned to Eve.

"You don't exactly belong here, do you?" he asked.

"No. Do you?"

He laughed.

"I'm afraid not," he admitted. "I don't care much about dancing, and I'm apt to get sleepy around midnight. I tried to persuade Jack to go home after the play, but he wouldn't . . . . and now I'm glad we didn't."

"Shall you be here every night after this?"

"No," she told him, "I'm here only as a substitute. I don't expect to come again."

"Then we must make the most of tonight," he smiled. There was something very nice about his look and manner. He was like . . whom was he like? Probably he was merely a type she had known well and met often in her former environment.

"Shall we dance now?" she heard him ask. Queenie and Jack were already on the floor. She rose slowly.

"I'm not sure I dance very well," she confessed, and caught his look of surprise as he put his arm round her and swung her out among the others. She exhaled the breath she had been holding. He was a good partner.

"You're an odd girl!" Hunt skilfully guided her through a rapidly increasing congestion on the dancing floor. "What made you say you weren't sure you could dance well?"

"I wasn't." His expression made her amplify the terse statement. "I'm not very sure of anything just now," she smilingly admitted. "I'm so new at all this."

"Well, you can be sure you're one of the good dancers on the floor tonight," he said comfortably. "That's a tribute, too, for there are a dozen here who know how to step out. That uptown bunch over there has some bully dancers in it."

She looked in the direction he indicated. Half a dozen young men and girls, evidently of good families, were dancing in a close group. They were keeping to themselves and ignoring the other patrons. Their eyes were tired and their expressions somewhat blase, but they seemed content with their entertainment.

"They're the types that go to the theater first, then to supper, and spend the rest of the night rushing from one cabaret to another," Hunt explained. "Quite a lot of them like this place better than the clubs. I think Jake caters to them in various ways—drops the cover charge for them and that sort of thing. He likes to have them come in, thinks they lend 'class' to his place; and Jake is strong for 'class.' They'll probably stay here an hour, then leave and visit half a dozen other places before they go home at daybreak. In the meantime, we'll have another bunch or two just like them."

Eve knew all this, and didn't know why she knew it, any more than she knew why she appreciated the unusually good music of Jake's jazz band.

"Speaking of being here," Hunt went on. "Why are you here, really? It's easy enough to see that you don't belong."

(Continued Next Week)

An Announcement

Mr. and Mrs. George Stokeld Robson announce the engagement of their daughter, Joyce, to Mr. George R. Stray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hotchins Stray.

MORE LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Cramer and sons Harold and Hugh are enjoying a ten days' vacation in Yosemite valley.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Birnbaum are vacationing by motor in the northern part of the state. They expect to be gone for several weeks.

—o—

F. V. Perrott is taking his vacation from his duties at the J. C. Ainsley cannery. He and Mrs. Perrott are enjoying daily excursions to the coast and other nearby points.

—o—

Mrs. Gayno Eddlemon, Mrs. Maude Marston, Mrs. Maude Lent and Miss Lois Marston spent the first of this week at the Lent home in Capitola.

—o—

H. C. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Fawcett were visiting at the George Smith cherry ranch near Soquel Sunday.

—o—

Irene Sawyer is home with her mother, Mrs. Anna Sawyer, after a winter spent teaching school in Alaska.

—o—

The summer division of the Congregational church Guild will not meet again until the fourth Thursday in July. It has been postponed on account of graduation exercises, holidays and vacation periods of the different members coming near the meeting dates.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Knoph and family returned last week from a two-weeks' motor trip in northern California and Oregon.

—o—

Mrs. L. J. Carboni and Miss Helah Laird returned Tuesday from a vacation in Yosemite.

—o—

Mrs. Edith Turner is in Santa Cruz attending her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Blood, both of whom are quite ill.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Snow and son left Tuesday for a motor trip to Mendocino, Fort Bragg and Santa Rosa.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Geisha Crab, No. ½ can 27c
Diamond Walnuts, pound 31c
Globe A-1 Flour, 24½ lb. sack $1.00
Comet White Rice, 2 lb. pkg. 21c
Crystay White, 15 bars 51c
Satisfaction Sauerkraut, two 2½ cans 29c
Campbell's Pepper Pot soup, Pork and Beans, Spaghetti, your choice, 3 cans 27c
Knox, the real gelatine, 2 pkgs. 35c
French's Mustard, 9 oz. jar.....13c
Fluffo, 4 pound can 87c
Rainier Lime Rickey, 2 bottles 37c

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127 SERVICE AND DEPENDABILITY

INSTANT HOT WATER does save 4 to 6 hours each week.....

If you would exchange 4 to 6 hours each week for sunlit hours of freedom—

If you would have plenty of hot water at the turn of a faucet—

Then accept **this** automatic hot water service.

It is the same **instant** hot water service that men like in fine hotels—for bathing and shaving. It is brought to you by the Automatic Gas Water Heater. Because of its insulated tank and efficiency, the cost is less per gallon to heat water with an Automatic Gas Water Heater than with the old fashioned method of waiting for water to heat.

And once you install the excellent service, there's never any delay or bother about having an abundant supply of hot water — day and night.

An Automatic Gas Water Heater

Plenty of hot water, at the turn of a faucet, does save time by quickly dissolving dirt and grease.

For full details about having an Automatic Gas Water Heater, telephone or call at our office—or a dealer's store.

EASIER HOUSEWORK

Tune in on KGO or KPO at 10:50 a.m. every Wednesday. Hear Helen Webster, popular home science authority. Tested recipes — practical hints on easier housekeeping — delightful music and entertainment too.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P·G·and E·

Owned · Operated · Managed by Californians

249-630

FARM POULTRY

FATTEN BROILERS BY USE OF PENS

Confine Fowls Two Weeks Before Marketing.

Many New Jersey poultrymen find that cockerels to be marketed as broilers can be pen fattened to advantage. Two weeks before they are marketed the broilers are confined to pens and fed a special fattening ration. The following ration has given good results in the state: One hundred pounds of cornmeal; 50 pounds of wheat middlings; 50 pounds of ground heavy oats or ground oatmeal; 30 pounds of meat scrap.

This mash is mixed with water and fed to the broilers three times a day, all they will clean up in 15 to 20 minutes. When milk is available for mixing, the meat scrap should be omitted from the mash, advises the poultry department of the New Jersey agricultural experiment station. If semisolid buttermilk is used, dilute one part of it with three parts of water and then mix with mash. When powdered milk is used, substitute 30 pounds of it and omit the meat scrap. Water should be kept available for the birds.

It is not advisable to market the broilers until they weigh two to two and a half pounds, says the poultry department.

Early Maturing Pullets Usually Best Layers

In every flock of growing chickens there are always some that grow faster than the others. Observations and experiments have shown that it is these early developing pullets that are the best ones to select for the laying flock. They will start laying sooner than the others and will keep it up longer, provided they are fed a good laying ration and are fed in such a way as to maintain body weight.

Occasionally some will develop sexually, that is, their combs will redden up and become large, and these birds will lay eggs. They may make this development at the expense of their body growth. Such birds should be given a little longer time to put on more growth and weight before expecting them to continue laying. This is done by cutting down the protein in the growing ration, cutting down the meat scrap to about 5 to 10 per cent, and feeding heavily of grain. Follow this proceduce for about two weeks.

Preventing Instead of Curing Poultry Ills

A "cured" fowl is a menace to the poultry owner because, as a rule, the bird goes back into the laying flock and loses its identity. It continues to produce eggs or is mated to hens that are laying eggs to be hatched. The chicks from these eggs will inherit the constitutional weakness that made the ancestors susceptible to the disease.

For this reason, if no other, prevention is far better than cure. Birds which do not have the opportunity to become sick will produce greater returns than those that are kept under insanitary conditions and under improper methods of feeding and management.

Feed for Ducks

Cornmeal, wheat bran and middlings and meat scrap are fed ducklings, a prescribed ration being two parts wheat bran; one part yellow corn meal; one part wheat middlings and one-half part chopped green food, to all of which a little sand is added. Enough water to permit immersing the head should be provided but a swimming pool is not necessary. Warmth by mother hen or brooder should be provided for young ducks as it would be for chicks.

POULTRY NOTES

Nests should be easy to remove to facilitate cleaning.

• • •

Clean, dry litter in the hen house adds greatly to the hen's comfort.

• • •

Provide clean feed, clean quarters, clean ground, and start with clean chicks.

• • •

Geese are naturally grazing fowls. They have been grown for many generations on pasture.

• • •

If the pullets are laying heavy and getting a little thin in flesh, they may need a little more grain.

• • •

More than half the ability of a hen to lay a large number of eggs depends upon the breeding of her immediate male ancestors.

• • •

Hatch heavy and medium breeds between February 20 and March 20; light breeds, March 20 to April 20. Do not hatch chicks after May 1.

• • •

Washed eggs have proved unsafe for storage. Therefore nests, houses, and the place in front of the door should be kept clean and as dry as possible.

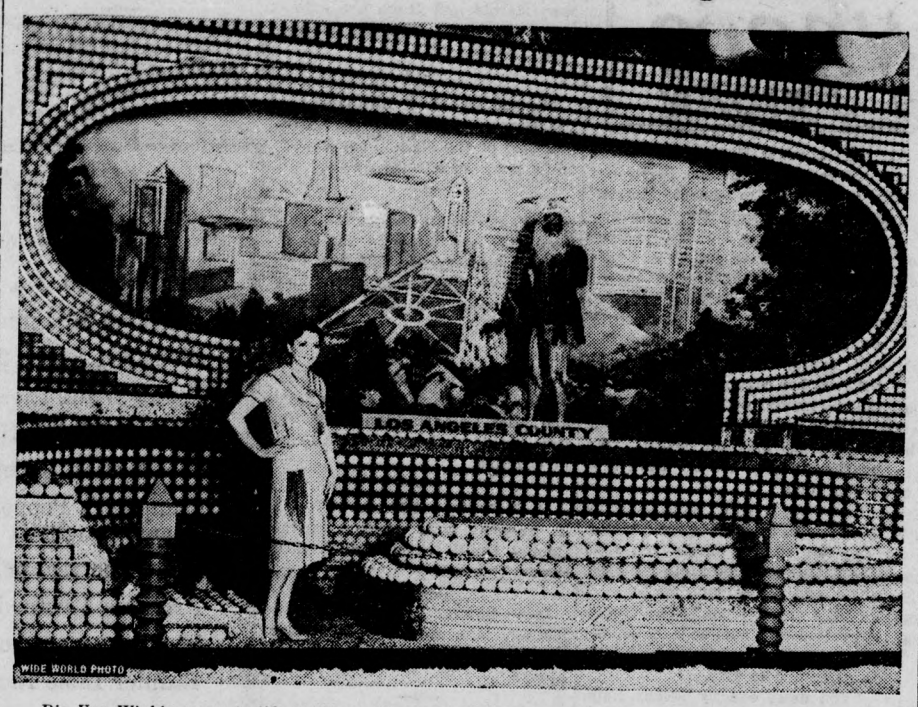
• • •

Speltz is not much used in poultry feeding. The reason for this is that it is hard to thresh clean and it has sharp points and the hull is very tough and difficult for the hens to digest.

• • •

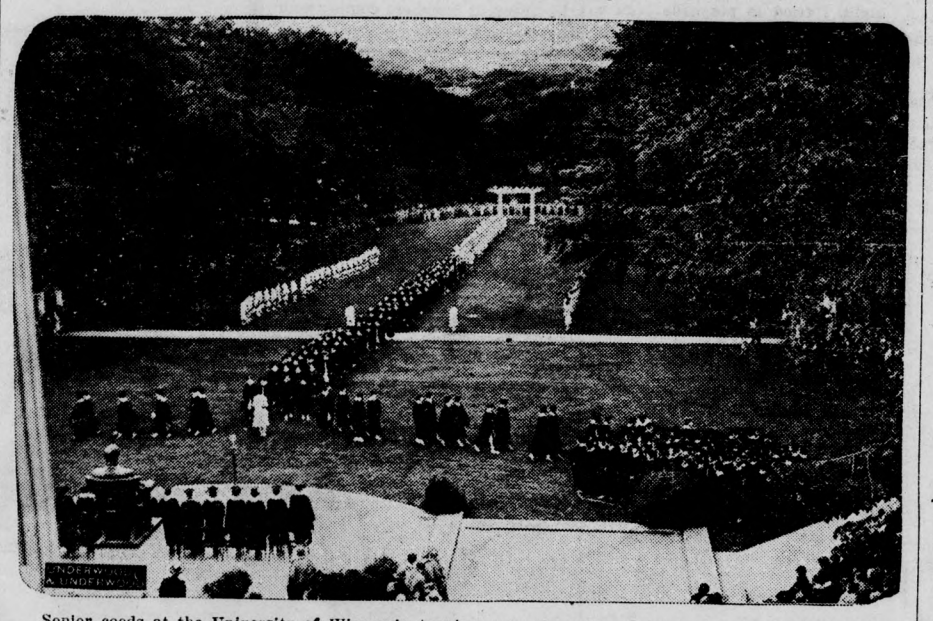
During the past ten years poultry has been of increasing importance as a source of meat. The relative price of chickens has increased more than the price of eggs during this period.

Rip Van Winkle at the Valencia Orange Show



Rip Van Winkle, come to life at the tenth annual Valencia orange show at Anaheim, Calif., looks on amazed at modern progress as depicted in the prize-winning display of Los Angeles county.

"Senior Swing-Out" at University of Wisconsin

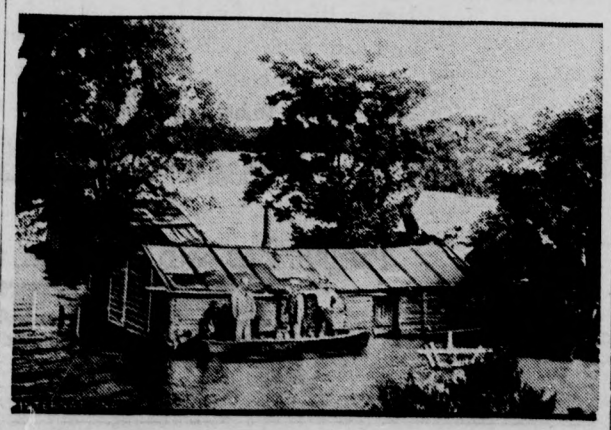


Senior coeds at the University of Wisconsin turning over the reins of leadership to the junior class at the impressive and traditional "senior swing-out" ceremony on the campus.

Page Wins the Curtiss Marine Trophy

Flying a Curtiss Hawk pursuit ship equipped with pontoon, Capt. A. H. Page of the United States marines won the Curtiss Marine Trophy race at the naval air station at Washington. The photograph shows the presentation of the trophy; left to right: Captain Page, Glenn H. Curtiss, pioneer seaplane engineer, donor of the trophy, and Senator Hiram Bingham, President of the National Aeronautical association.

Scene During the Red River Flood



Flood conditions in the Red river valley in western Louisiana have been very serious and thousands of persons have been made homeless. The picture shows a family leaving their house in a rowboat.

MILLIONAIRE "GOB"

T. Donald Robinson, millionaire sailor, who astounded admirals of the navy by hiring expensive suites while on shore leave and by "throwing" large parties. Robinson is shortly to become a midshipman and will sail for Germany on one of Uncle Sam's battleships. He is the son of Henry M. Robinson, one of the largest wholesale florists in the country. He joined the service in 1926 for the training and the benefits to his health he would receive.

DEFEATED BY JONES

Roger Wethered, crack British amateur golfer, who was defeated by Bobby Jones in the final of the British amateur golf championship, over the historic course at St. Andrews.

Wethered was formerly the British open golf champion.

PERTINENT QUESTION

He—I can live on your love forever!

She—That's all right, dear; but what am I to live on while you live on my love?

LOOKS LOGICAL

"Doctor, this husband of mine is insane."

"Upon what grounds do you base your belief, Madam?"

"Why, the little shrimp actually at times has the nerve to give me an argument."

USED TO HARDSHIP

She—I'm going to make you a cake.

He—Fine. I'm used to hardships. I'm still a freshman at college.

LOVED THE RING

"Having broken your engagement to George because you hate him, why don't you send back his ring?"

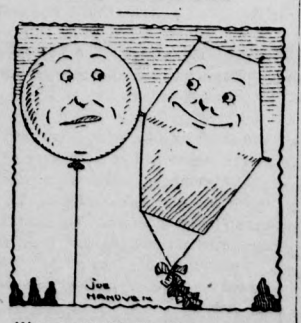
"Well, you see, dearie, I don't hate the ring."

STAGE SENSATION

"He says he was on the stage once and made quite a sensation."

"He sure did—fell out of the peanut gallery and hit one of the actors."

SAD THOUGHT



Kite (to balloon)—You needn't be so uppish. Just think what would happen if some one were to stick a pin in you!

Would you call this a hint?

BEFORE secret suffering breaks out in open revolt—before the little home is irretrievably shattered by a husband's strong pipe—can't something be done? Certainly. A new pipe will help, or even an old pipe cleaned and filled with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It really *is* milder, with no sacrifice of richness and fragrance. It really *is* as popular with the smoked-at as it is with the smoker.

TUNE IN on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 p.m. (New York Time), over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 6) If you smoke one pipe all day long, it will become hot and strong and smelly. Keep several well-broken-in pipes in your collection. Smoke them in rotation, so that each pipe may cool and dry thoroughly for the next smoke. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 103

...scovered How Good a Pipe Can Be

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

Her Son-in-Law

"How's your mother-in-law?"

"Oh, she's doing as poorly as can be expected."

For Ivy Poisoning
Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

The New Politics

"Frances says she will wear the collar of no woman boss."

"Not even if it is point lace?"

CONSTIPATED?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—positively no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c

FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

BOILS VANISH LIKE MAGIC

Carboil, a specialist's salve, stops pain instantly, and ripens and heals worst boil or carbuncle often overnight. Get Carboil today from druggist. Pain ends like magic. Boils vanish in amazingly short time.

KILLS FLIES

Just spray FLY-FOIL a few times a day about the rooms — all the flies and mosquitoes disappear. Positive and lasting in its results. Not a poison.

FLY-FOIL has a new pleasant odor and will not stain walls or fabrics. Leaves no oily scum.

New low prices at your dealer's or write

AN-FO MFG. CO. Oakland, Calif.

Dairy Fly-Foil Keeps Flies Off Cows

FLY-FOIL

Among Those Present—

TOWNS are like people. Each one has a distinct personality, different from all the rest. People coming into a town *feel* this personality at once.

There are *cheerful* towns, *grouchy* towns; *carefree* towns, *careworn* towns; *accommodating* towns, *surly* towns; *charitable* towns, *stingy* towns; *beautiful* towns; *slovenly* towns; towns of all sorts and descriptions.

These town characteristics are known as MUNICIPAL PERSONALITY. And the personality of each town is made up of the *collective* personalities of the people that live in the town.

The peculiar part of it is that a town displays *different* personalities to different people.

A stranger coming into a town may be unfortunate enough to be greeted by the "town grouch" with a surly reception. This stranger then is impressed with a *grouchy* personality for the community.

Another stranger is greeted with a hearty smile and a handshake. *He* carries a lasting impression of a cheerful, charitable town.

And so it goes. *Our* town thus gets its reputation and character from each of us individually.

One of our greatest community assets is a "smile—a smile for every one" at all times.

Science teaches us that it takes less energy to produce a smile than a frown. But when things go wrong we are tempted to doubt this teaching, and to believe that a smile is the most difficult thing in the world to achieve. *But remember* . . . .

SMILES *make friends;* SMILES *bring people back;* SMILES *make business;* SMILES *mean good times;* SMILES ARE WORTH DOLLARS!

Let's develop a smiling, cheerful Municipal Personality!

Well, well; if SMILES *are worth dollars, we can all grow prosperous with ease, and can readily develop a smiling, cheerful Municipal Personality in*

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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All Work Called For and Delivered
147 North Central Ave. Phone Campbell 167
Busy Bee Restaurant Agents

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Printing for Particular People Properly Produced at Painless Prices

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Successor to Orchard City Drug Co.
PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Country Homes a Specialty
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HOMES - COUNTRY PROPERTY - EXCHANGES
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INSURANCE—ALL LINES
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"Cleanliness in the Shop and Purity of Ingredients are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

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"In Business for YOUR Health"
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CLEANING : DYEING : PRESSING
Special Attention to Ladies' Fine Garments
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HARDWARE, PLUMBING, PAINTS AND OILS
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Physician and Surgeon
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office and Residence, Phone
Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 165
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Patriarchial Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

WAN-TADS

Hemstitching — Reasonable. Call evenings. F. Fletcher, 106 No. Central, phone 107-J. 35-42

For Rent—Modern 3 rm. and bath cottage on Campbell avenue. See Haliwell & Jones. 1tchg

Furnished house for rent. See O. A. Putnam.

Painter wants painting or decorating by day or hour. Phone 256. 41-2-3-4chg

Lost—A small brown book. DeLavel Diary. Name M. C. Buchanan. Finder please return to Press. 1t

Wanted—A woman to take care of small child during the day. Call Campbell 66. ind

Lost—Large black suit case with name plate Helen Stray, between Campbell and Tracy. Contained clothing. Reward. Mrs. W. H. Stray 81 N. 2nd St., Campbell.

Nervous Woman Nearly Drives Husband Away

"I was very nervous and so cross with my husband I nearly drove him away. Vinol has changed his and we are happy again."—Mrs. V. Duesa.

Doctors have long known the value of mineral elements iron, calcium with cod liver peptone, as contained in Vinol. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how Vinol gives new strength, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Gives you more PE Pto enjoy life! Vinol tastes delicious. — Shadle's Drug Store.

Regular Meeting Ada Rebekahs Held Last Tuesday Evening

The regular meeting of the Ada Rebekah lodge No. 223 was held Tuesday night, June 17. Several visitors from other lodges were present. Lillian Frazier, Emma Main and Martha Phillips formed the committee in charge of the social hour which followed the business session. The members present enjoyed cards and light refreshments.

The next meeting is scheduled for July 1, when the new officers will be installed. District deputy president Lucy Brown and her staff will conduct the ceremony. Miriam Dunlap, chairman, and Lois Rice, Anna Wingard, Mrs. H. Pratt and Myrtle Johnson are on the committee in charge of the banquet which will be served at the close of the installation exercises.

Carrie Silver Will Entertain Retiring Rebekah Officers

Mrs. Carrie Silver will be hostess to the retiring officers of the Ada Rebekah lodge at a Chinese dinner at her home in San Jose Thursday evening, June 26. Mrs. Silver is retring from the office of noble grand. The new officers will be installed July 1, and many of the retiring officers will take new offices at that time.

Present at the dinner will be: Beaulah Covey, Josephine LaBarbera, Katherine Burns, Lilian Ohlen, Ellen Snow, Minnie Wehmeyer, Etta Eddlemon, Myrtle Johnson, Wilmay Lea, Marie Wingard, June Rice, Lillian Frazier, Hazel McQueen, Grace Fruedenthal, A. Covey and the initiating staff and their captain. Members of the finance committee will also be guests at the dinner.

Ruth Townsend Is Delegate to "Y" Conference At Asilomar

Delegates from the San Jose State college Y. W. C. A. left Thursday for Asilomar to attend the annual student conference which started June 18 and which will last until June 28.

Miss Ruth Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Townsend of Union avenue is one of the delegates, having been president of the college organization for the past scholastic year. Miss Mary Mill is to hold the office next year.

Discussions and group study will occupy the mornings during the conference. Recreation and trips to points of interest along the coast is the program for the afternoons, while the evenings will be devoted to programs which will encompass all delegates at the convention.

Wastahi, Annual Camp Fire Camp, To Open

Wastahi, the annual camp of the Santa Clara county Camp Fire girls wil open in Big Basin for the first summer session July 6, according to reports from Camp Fire headquarters. Many girls from Campbell plan to attend.

A bigger and better vacation at Wastahi is planned for this year. A more extensive program has been laid out and more and better equipment has been purchased.

Among the camp activities are numbered swimming, hiking, cooking, basket-making, weaving, drawing and many other kinds of work. Nature study includes learning the names of birds, trees and plants. Camp routine, songs, dances and ceremonies add to the completeness of the outing.

KIWANIS NOTES
By Heck

At the closed session of Kiwanis today it was voted to hold four ladies' nights during the summer season on the last Tuesday nights of the month.

Monday night is all Kiwanis fellowship hour when at 5:30 over 100,000 members will meet in simultaneous session throughout the United States and Canada with International in convention at Atlantic City, N. J. This will be a real inspirational hour with Prof. Edward M. Hulme of Stanford as speaker on the subject, "A Far Look." A fitting program has been arranged by the program committee. Harry C. Smith will be chairman.

A hearty welcome was accorded ex-prexy Ed Wiesendanger, who has just returned with Mrs. Wiesendanger from an enjoyable visit to Honolulu.

A Correction

In our account last week of the Pardee-Smith wedding we stated erroneously that the couple would reside in a house built for them by Mr. Pardee. Mr. Pardee's gift to the young people was the lot, the house itself being built by Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Jr.

IN THE Radio STUDIOS WITH ALBERT ZUGSMITH JR

Columbia Broadcasting company announcers have been given their summer uniforms of double breasted blue serge jackets, white flannel trousers, white sport shoes, white shirts and blue cravats. Production men will wear the same uniform, but with polka dot ties to distinguish them from the "signing offers." Wonder what some of the choruses of the radio revues will wear?

Determined to find out what type of programs were the most popular with the radio fans, I investigated until returns from 73 stations in the Unitel States and Canada indicate that dance music is by far the favorite of the listener-in. Popular songs gave them a run for the money, however, with old-time songs close on their heels. Jazz was fourth in the running. Variety programs got the next highest number of votes with musical novelties sixth on the list. Semi-classical music tied for last place with comedy skits. The rest didn't get enough votes to record. Ho hum.

What do the radio stars do when they are not broadcasting? Ah, ha—secrets you want to know.

Well, Evangeline Adams, for one, collects early American furniture.

Will Rogers, when he isn't playng polo, is usually scowling, frowning, or counting on his fingers how much his polo ponies are costing him.

Guy Lombardo says his favorite recreation is sleeping and I believe him.

Rudy Vallee says that he has no spare time to do anything. He should begin worrying about that.

Floyd Gibbons likes nothing better than to argue whether battleships or airplanes will win the next war. He holds out for airplanes. He would.

Mr. and Mrs.—Joe and Vi of WABC—spend their spare time dodging photographers, who as yet have not snapped them.

By *train*

ADD DAYS TO YOUR VACATION
—and save money, too

Low fares on Pacific Coast now in effect. Fast trains save daylight hours for play. By train you leave the job of getting there to someone else—you save your nerves, and rest.

By Southern Pacific your vacation starts when you board the train. In many cases you can leave at night, sleep as you ride, and arrive in the morning—actually adding a precious day to your vacation.

Or—travel by day—enjoy the scenery as you ride. Many a spectacular scenic mile of this Pacific Coast can be seen only by train.

AT THESE LOW FARES

At low summer fares, enjoy the added thrill of saving money. *You know just how much your trip will cost before you leave.* Some examples of summer roundtrip fares, with 16-day return limit:

LOS ANGELES	$ 20.50
SAN DIEGO	27.50
MONTEREY	3.75
LAKE TAHOE	13.75
YOSEMITE	16.50
PORTLAND	37.25
TACOMA	45.75
SEATTLE	48.00
VANCOUVER	57.50

Also fares with other limits.

LOW FARES EAST MAY 22 TO SEPTEMBER 30
RETURN LIMIT OCTOBER 31

And *only* Southern Pacific offers choice of Four Great Routes to the East. Ask your local Agent about this and other exclusive Southern Pacific advantages. Some examples of summer roundtrips:

NEW YORK	$151.70
CHICAGO	90.30
ST. LOUIS	85.60
KANSAS CITY	75.60
NEW ORLEANS	89.40
ATLANTA	113.60
WASHINGTON	145.86

Southern Pacific

C. T. TANNER
Campbell Agent

DOWN GO THE PRICES of GOODYEAR TIRES *and tubes*

All-Weather, Pathfinder and Truck Tires
LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY

Pathfinder Standard Lifetime GUARANTEE

NO TIME OR MILEAGE LIMITS!

FULL OVERSIZE BALLOONS

29x4.40-21	$5.55
29x4.50-20	$6.29
30x4.50-21	$6.35
28x4.75-19	$7.55
29x4.75-20	$7.65
30x4.75-21	$7.95
29x5.00-19	$7.98
30x5.00-20	$8.15
31x5.00-21	$8.45
30x5.25-20	$9.40
31x5.25-21	$9.75
30x5.50-20	$10.20
31x6.00-19	$12.10
32x6.00-20	$12.55
33x6.00-21	$12.90
32x6.50-20	$14.36

HIGH PRESSURE OVERSIZE CORDS

30x3 Cl.	$4.68
30x3½ O Cl. O. S.	$4.98
30x3½ R Cl.	$4.89
30x3½ S. S.	$6.35
31x4 S. S.	$8.65
32x4 S. S.	$9.35
32x4½ S. S.	$13.10
33x4 S. S.	$9.95
33x4½ S. S.	$13.55
33x5 S. S.	$18.25
34x4 S. S.	$10.85
34x4½ S. S.	$14.20

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK

30x5 8 ply	$19.35
33x5 8 ply	$22.15
32x6 10 ply	$34.10
36x6 10 ply	$37.85

Opposite Schools — Haliwell & Jones — Phone 111 Campbell

Exide BATTERIES

General Violet Ray Gasoline and all popular brands of Motor Oils

PINKY DINKY and His Gang — By Terry Gilkison

1929 Publishers Autocaster Service
YOU'RE WRONG!
I'M RIGHT! THEY ARE!
WELL, WELL BOYS! WHAT IS ALL THE ARGUMENT ABOUT?
?
I SAY THOSE ARE KNOT HOLES!
AND I SAY THEY ARE HOLES!
BOTH RIGHT!
TERRY GILKISON
Pinky Dinky JINGLES
GRR-R
CHOKE BACK A SOB FOR WILLIE LIGHT HE DIDN'T KNOW TOWSER'D BITE!
SEND ME A JINGLE! WE'LL PRINT IT—